

[8]  
AKING  
POWDER  
PETS!

CAPEN,  
Street,

TS,

During his recent visit  
of many of the choicest  
secured as private for this

Styles  
CARPETS,  
and attention.

CAPEN,  
Street.

& CO.

TURE AND FINE  
NET WORK,

reference of our patrons  
Washington  
Street,

Street, drawy attention to  
completing in part 1—

SUITS,  
R SUITS,  
ROOM,  
LIBRARY,

OFFICE FURNITURE,  
manufacture,  
from plans by Architects  
edgcs, etc., and put the

TON, MASS.

For the New GIFT BOOK  
DAN FROST'S

by, by upwards of 200 Diction-  
aries, and Abroad, with Intro-

ED. L. CUYLER, D. D.,  
in the City.

122 B'way, New York.

BRO'S CORSETS  
containing the highest detail at the room

PARIS EXPOSITION,  
over all American competitors. Their

any 100 with perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

HEALTH CORSET, with  
the most perfect ease, and in-  
crease the health of the body.

ZION'S HERALD.  
PUBLISHED BY  
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,  
35 Bromfield Street, Boston.  
A. S. WEED, Publisher.  
BRADFORD K. PEIRCE, Editor.  
All stationed preachers in the Methodist  
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their  
locality.  
Price \$2.50, Payable in Advance.  
Postage 20 cents per year.  
Specimen Copies Free.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY.  
BY LEILA S. TAYLOR.

The beautiful autumn day  
Came forth from the morning sky,  
And its perfect glory lay  
Like a crown on the hill-tops high.

The vales were aglow with light,  
The radiant heavens bent low,  
Each tree and cloud, each leaf and twig,  
Seemed with joy to thrill and glow.

'Twas a day to consecrate  
To the spirit of mountain and grove,  
'Twas a day to forget the life of toil,  
And in silent joy to rove

Wherever the sunbeams led,  
Wherever the green-tops bent;  
To drift through golden mazes of joy  
Which forest and sunshine sent.

The present faded away,  
A voice fell, still and mild,—  
'This beautiful autumn day,  
Is a promise to you, my child.'

And the beautiful day passed on,  
No glorious hills I trod,  
But the golden sunshine drifted in,  
Where we waited God's falling rod.

And I welcomed the golden pledge,  
And thought of the promise given  
Of a perfect day 'mong the hills of God  
In the wonderful light of heaven.

O wanderers coming home to-night!  
Bearing the weight of the hills,  
With hearts o'erflowing with nature's love,  
No envy my bosom fills.

Sitting here alone with grief,  
While the world is full of song,  
I think of the coming day of light,  
And its wanderings rapt and long.

DISAGREEABLE CHRISTIANS.  
BY REV. FALES H. NEWHALL, D. D.

In an essay upon the Christian life,  
recently read before a Preachers' Meet-  
ing, the incidental remark was made  
that among those who strive for the  
Christian ideal, as set forth in the Ser-  
mon on the Mount, are many "dis-  
agreeable" people. The essay was an  
elaborate and able presentation of the  
Wesleyan doctrine of perfect love, but  
this incidental remark was much more  
impressive, at least to the present writer,  
than any of its well-reasoned and  
Scripturally-justified arguments. There  
are some serious considerations and  
very grave conclusions which will be  
suggested to the thoughtful mind by  
this remark. Whether it be generally  
or only occasionally true that the high-  
est style of Christians can be classed as  
"disagreeable" people, it is certainly a  
matter worthy of careful thought.

How and why is this true of men and  
women who certainly ought to be the  
sweetest and sunniest souls in this trou-  
bled world? If "flower" is another  
name for beauty and sweetness, and if  
the rose is the flower of flowers, have  
we not a right to expect in it the perfec-  
tion of sweetness and beauty? If, now,  
we are taken to see the most beautiful  
of roses, and find it not only unfragrant  
and devoid of beauty, but positively  
disagreeable, have we not a right to  
conclude that somebody has been badly  
deceived about the matter?

Now we are not treating here of  
hypocrites and pretenders. Such men  
cannot be classed as disagreeable; they  
are disgusting, detestable. It has ever  
been the way of the enemies of Christ  
to cast the slur of hypocrisy over Chris-  
tians in general, and to brand all Chris-  
tian profession as cant. This is ever  
to be expected. We do not expect our  
enemies to be fair, but we are not con-  
cerned with them just now, nor are we  
treating now of men who deceive them-  
selves in falsely imagining that they  
have reached high Christian attain-  
ments. Our astonishing liability to self-  
deception, where our own pride or van-  
ity is concerned, is one of the myster-  
ies of human nature. Many a man is  
puffed with spiritual pride who imag-  
ines himself a pattern of humility.

Many a man is eager to instruct his  
brethren in the deep mysteries of Chris-  
tian experience whom men of true spir-  
itual insight know as a moral beast.  
"Who can understand his errors?" says  
the deep old Psalmist. But we speak  
not now of deceivers nor of the self-  
deceived, but of men confessedly of the  
highest type of Christian character; and  
are these disagreeable people? Ask  
the question within, and listen to that  
sound that comes up from the depths of  
the moral nature, the echo of a tremen-  
dous shout that rises from the Church  
universal, the indignant thunder "No!"

The ideal Christian is, it is true, hateful  
to many, but "disagreeable" is too  
tame a word to express the thought.  
He is hateful to them who hate his Mas-  
ter, but, like his Master, he is too strong  
a man to be the object of contempt.  
Strength is hated, but not despised, and  
the ideal Christian impresses the selfish  
and sensual as a man of mysterious  
power. "Disagreeable" is not the  
word to express their aversion for the  
man who looks clearly through their  
weakness and wickedness.

There are general principles that it  
is well to bear in mind as we reflect  
upon this subject. Truth is intolerant.  
She has no sentimentality, no bowels  
of mercies. Her mission in regard to  
error is simply a mission to fight and  
kill. But man is never intrusted with  
the weapon of naked truth to point at  
the breast of his brother man. That  
edge of terrible adamant, piercing "to  
the dividing asunder of soul and spirit,  
of the joints and marrow," is wielded  
only by the Son of God. That living  
blade turns upon the hand of frail and  
fallible man. None of us may stand  
before his brother, as did Nathan, and  
say, "Thou art the man," unless anointed  
for that end by the Holy Ghost. Woe  
to him who judges his brother, unless  
that supremeunction is upon him! I may  
preach to the hypocrite in words of fire,  
but let me not call the man before me  
a hypocrite, unless I have the flaming  
eyes of the Son of Man. But the intolerant  
truth comes sweet and charitable from the lips  
of love. The awful blade is to be used  
by man only as muffled in the scabbard  
of Christian character. "Ye," not your  
words, "are the light of the world." The  
light of Christian truth is to reveal all  
the slimy lurking-places of sin in the  
human heart, but it is light not so much  
flashing from eloquent exhortations  
and cogent arguments as stream-  
ing from men, soul and body throbbing  
with the fires of Christian love. But  
even truth will never be lovely to a  
man steeped in error and sin. There  
are, at least, two strong, clear reasons  
why we may expect Christian truth to  
be distasteful to the masses of mankind  
even when proclaimed with all the  
Master's meekness and love.

1. Genuine Christian character  
wounds the consciences of men. It is  
constantly proclaiming that selfishness  
in all its forms is wicked, and this pro-  
clamation will ever arouse all the pas-  
sions of men in intense opposition.  
This is the sword that the Prince of  
Peace brings into the world, and it  
must smite and smite till this world is  
conquered to Christ. The higher the  
type of Christian, the more burning his  
love of men and his hatred of sin, the  
more intense will this opposition be.  
This is the Christian warfare, and these  
are the wounds of this warfare that we  
must bear not only with patience, but  
with joy.

2. High Christian character impresses  
wicked men with a superstitious fear.  
Fear is a disagreeable sensation, and  
the character that produces it in a high  
degree becomes not only disagreeable,  
but hateful. High moral purity uncon-  
sciously reminds a selfish, sensual man  
of the eternal purity that is pledged to  
consume sin from the earth, and he hates  
such a man for the same reason that he  
hates his Master. The flame of Christ,  
like love is to him the flame of hell.

There have been saintliest men of all ages  
hated, for, "Shall the servant be  
above his Lord?" Secular literature  
is saturated with this hate. Some of  
the grandest souls that the world has  
ever seen have been pilloried in poetry  
for ages. Scott made polite society be-  
lieve that the Puritans were a genera-  
tion of canting snivlers. The licen-  
tious Gibbon sneered the purest won-  
den of the ancient Christian Church with  
the filthy innuendoes of his turgid rhet-  
oric, and generations of youth have  
laughed with him at the agonies of  
Christian virgins flung to human beasts  
in comparison with whom lions were  
found to be gentle and chaste. Boston's  
"best society" has been well trained to  
think of Jonathan Edwards, and at the  
same time of the sweetest souls that ever  
singed, as a dyspeptic Orthodox bigot.

English history just begins to reveal to  
the secular world that John Wesley was  
something else than an ascetic fanatic.  
Luther is yet a disagreeable man to Pa-  
pists, and the classic Roman historians  
hated Paul and John with a hatred so  
intense that, although they were refined  
and humane men for their age, they yet  
thought Nero perhaps excusable for  
dressing such men as the twelve apostles  
in coats of burning pitch and plunging  
them in caldrons of boiling oil. Christ  
himself was more than disagreeable to  
the Pharisees who spat in his face and  
called him to the cross.

CONCERNING THE WALDENSES.  
BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

Signor Giovanni Cireghini, pastor of  
a society connected with the Walden-  
sian sect in Piedmont, Italy, a young  
man of about thirty-three years, who is  
in this country collecting funds to pay  
off a debt on his Church at home, spoke  
in the Methodist Church, South Walpole,  
on a recent Sabbath, greatly to the edifi-  
cation and delight of quite a large con-  
gregation. Mr. Cireghini is a repre-  
sentative of that strange, monumental  
Church and people, that for centuries,  
and while the wholesale corruptions of  
the Church of Rome were surging  
around it, yet maintained its integrity  
among the valleys and upon the slopes  
of the higher Alps—remaining, among  
the many faithless, faithful still as a

witness for God and for His truth. John  
Milton once said concerning these Wal-  
denses, that while this now proud Eng-  
lish race was yet bowing down to  
stocks and stones, they, for ages, had  
been worshipping the one true and living  
God.

Mr. C., in somewhat broken, yet in-  
telligible English, gave an interesting  
account of the history of his people; of  
the separation of the papal Church from  
his own very early in the Christian  
era; of the centuries-long persecutions  
suffered on their part at the hands of  
the dominant, and always cruel, remorse-  
less Church of Rome; of their present  
condition, opportunities, possibilities  
and prospects under the enlightened  
and auspicious policy of the present  
king of Italy.

Mr. C. says that the prospects for en-  
largement and the opportunities for  
progress on the part of a pure and un-  
fettered religion in Italy were never so  
inviting or manifold as at present. Italy  
to-day guarantees perfect religious free-  
dom. In a very impassioned manner  
he repeated the declaration of Garibaldi  
(he had himself in his youth served as  
a soldier under Garibaldi) in favor of  
freedom of conscience. "I am in favor  
of perfect freedom of conscience," said  
the old warrior. "Italy must guaran-  
tee that right. If she shall fail to do so,  
I have still one sword, and one horse,  
and one heart, and I will overturn the  
whole government, and drive out the  
king, as I drove out the king of Naples,  
and set up another." Glorious old hero!

The Italian Romanists are far less  
bigoted, rabid, fanatical and combative,  
according to the speaker, than the  
French, Spanish or Irish. Besides,  
there is quite a strong native anti-papal  
party in that country; and now that all  
embargo or restrictions upon their evan-  
gelizing and missionary efforts and  
operations have been removed by the  
government of Garibaldi and Victor  
Emmanuel, Mr. C. beholds, in the situa-  
tion, a magnificent opportunity for  
progress and most effective service for  
Christ and His Church. Indeed, I could  
not but feel impressed, while listening  
to his words, with the vast possibilities  
of usefulness connected with this staunch  
evangelical denomination, so providen-  
tially preserved, as a missionary and  
evangelical agency, in the heart of modern  
Italy. They have a unique, heroic,  
inspiring record. They are fervid, self-  
sacrificing, and truly evangelical. They  
do not seem to be in the least affected  
by either the formalism or rationalism  
of European Christendom. They al-  
ready understand and use as their vernac-  
ular the language of the century. They  
are very patriotic. Mr. C. says that  
while there is in Italy no prejudice  
against foreigners as such, yet unless  
the preacher or missionary be patriotic,  
as well as earnest and devoted, he will  
soon find himself without hearers. The  
Italians are enthusiastically devoted to  
their country. Their patriotism is an  
important part of their religion—not a  
bad falling.

Like the Moravians—whom they re-  
semble in more respects than one—as a  
sect, not only are they wonderfully  
tenacious of life, but they seem to be im-  
bued with a deathless zeal, an un-  
earthly missionary ardor, and enthusi-  
asm. They exist only by being ag-  
gressive. Even now, notwithstanding  
their poverty and their very recent po-  
litical and ecclesiastical redemption, they  
are extending their missionary  
operations rapidly into almost every  
city and section of Italy. No one, I am  
sure, can listen to the earnest, burning  
words of this native Waldensian preach-  
er without becoming deeply interested  
in the history of a sect that was Prot-  
estant in the heart of Europe long before  
the word "Protestant" had been coined,  
or any one had dreamed of "protest-  
ing"; and which being made to feel  
that this people, so manifestly having  
an important providential mission to  
fulfill, are, under the circumstances, em-  
inently deserving of the sympathy and  
encouragement of all evangelical Chris-  
tendom.

But little is known of this folk. They  
are very poor. For ages their property  
has been confiscated, and their tempo-  
ralities prostrated. Only recently have  
they been fully enfranchised—granted  
full religious and ecclesiastical liberty,  
and equality of civil and political rights  
with Roman Catholics throughout the  
Apennine peninsula. Once absolutely  
alone, as a pure evangelical community  
in all the world, they are still isolated  
from all sympathizing, fraternizing  
Protestant bodies. Clearly they are en-  
titled to our practical as well as heart-  
felt co-operation; and it is evident, I  
think, that any pecuniary aid rendered  
them will bear fruit an hundred-fold,  
and must prove more effective than  
that bestowed upon missionary enterprise  
in Italy through any other, and es-  
pecially foreign, denominational agency.

I close by saying that, doubtless,  
with further experience, our gifted and  
devoted young friend will perceive  
that his hearers will be more edified,  
while he will excite less prejudice  
against himself, if he devote himself  
mainly to acquainting his auditors with  
the facts relating to the history and

needs of his people, instead of express-  
ing himself so violently, not to say bit-  
terly, against his natural and hereditary  
enemies, the Roman Catholics. Much,  
to be sure, may be pardoned in one  
whose people have, from time immem-  
orial, been victimized—tormented, scat-  
tered, peeled, driven from their homes,  
and robbed of their possessions—by  
the Roman Church. Yet he will find  
that his American hearers will enjoy his  
facts far better than his bitter animosities  
or impassioned tirades against his  
ancient ecclesiastical foe.

The Waldenses now number about  
35,000 souls. Their headquarters, I be-  
lieve, are at present in Turin. Mani-  
festly no estimate of the forces neces-  
sary in order to the religious redemp-  
tion of Italy will be at all adequate or  
complete that does not include the  
Waldensian agencies as one of the most  
important factors in the problem.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.  
A SAD SUNDAY.

Should a New Yorker ask you in  
what part of Brooklyn you resided, and  
your answer be Williamsburgh—for so  
the larger part of the Eastern district  
was formerly called—you need not be  
astonished if your reply is met with a  
deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, and  
a look out of the eyes of your questioner  
that tells of boundless compassion. For  
to the dwellers in that great city, Brook-  
lyn is known chiefly as the terminus of  
Fulton Ferry, the church of Henry  
Ward Beecher, and the Heights, in  
which latter locality is believed to flourish  
a little of the civilization that hovers  
about Fifth Avenue and its immediate  
neighborhood. Probably nothing was  
matter of more wonderment to them  
than the refusal of Drs. Storrs and  
Duryea to leave such a waste of a place,  
and their reasons were doubtless as-  
signed to strong missionary proclivities,  
or to something of the feeling that leads  
the Iceman to cling to his lava-ribbed  
island in preference to the most fertile  
region of the habitable globe. True,  
Talmage thunders from the interior,  
but his fulminations save more of a  
country that is rather to be shunned  
than sought for, and they get quite  
enough of his discourses from the sec-  
ular press, if his sermons of yesterday  
and the week before are any criterion.  
As for Williamsburgh, it is the jump-  
ing-off place, the ultima thule, or in the  
expressive language of the day, "the  
last."

And yet this same Williamsburgh has  
singular attractions to its inhabitants,  
and few leave it without wishing to re-  
turn. Of all New York and Brooklyn  
there is no place that has such a strong  
home flavor about it, nor any that we  
know of that can offer greater induc-  
ments to people of moderate means.  
To such the absence of theatres and  
concert halls is small loss, while there  
is abundant opportunity afforded for  
the indulgence of the taste for refine-  
ment and culture in the various Churches  
which are to be found within its bounds.  
Its principal street, Bedford Avenue, is  
one of the most beautiful in the city. It  
is paved with asphalt, as level as a floor;  
and from the fountain, which marks its  
beginning, for a mile beyond, we have  
seen it filled with 25,000 Sunday-  
school children, crowding it from curb  
to curb, while the dwellings on either  
side were gay with bunting and mot-  
toes, which were displayed in honor of  
the anniversary. Here you find the  
churches of Drs. Partridge and Porter  
—the former, the well-known rector of  
Christ Church, making no pretension to  
greatness or eloquence, but beloved of  
all Christian denominations; the latter,  
the former editor of the *Christian Intel-  
liger*, distinguished as a man of letters,  
and ranking as a preacher alongside  
of Storrs and Duryea, for scholarly  
attainments and pulpit excellence, one  
of the bright lights of the Reformed  
(Dutch) Church. A block away only,  
and you may find Hyatt Smith and Ed-  
ward Eggleston—what a commentary  
on the futility of titles that no one thinks  
of putting *Rev.* or *Dr.* before the names  
of these men—and the whole section is  
dotted with churches, whose pastors, if  
not as celebrated as those we have  
named, are to be found in the front  
ranks of their brethren in the ministry.  
We have said little of our own denomi-  
nation, for the true Methodist preacher  
claims the whole Conference, it is not the  
entire country, for his parish, and  
might object to having his sphere nar-  
rowed down to the limits of a single  
neighborhood, however favored. Still  
we can point with pride to such men as  
Miley, Studley, Chapman, Henry W.  
Warren, and a host of others, who have  
been stationed here, and "shown them-  
selves workmen that need not to be  
ashamed."

But it is of St. John's Church, which  
stands boldly out upon this same ave-  
nue, we would especially speak in this  
letter. We heard little in saying that  
there is no more beautiful church edifice  
in the whole city, and we do not wonder  
at the enthusiasm that led Dr. Warren,  
as we have heard him tell a score of  
times, to cross the street on a bright  
moonlight night that he might look

upon the majestic facade that towered  
above him. And yet on the Sunday of  
which we write, in spite of the beauty  
of the building, and the thronging of the  
avenue with people hastening in the  
bright sunlight to their various places of  
worship, there was a sadness on the  
faces of those who entered the portals  
of this church, that told of some special  
reason for gloom. St. John's has been  
favored in its ministers beyond the most  
of Churches. The little Church from  
which it sprang had enjoyed the ser-  
vices of Dr. Studley and Dr. Foss,  
and the new congregation had sat under  
the teachings of Bishop Andrews and  
Dr. Chapman and Warren. Indeed,  
Dr. Chapman was now their pastor  
again, after a three years' absence, and  
the sorrow that was so potent to all ob-  
servers came from the fact that this  
was to be the last Sunday of his minis-  
try. Like the disciples at Ephesus part-  
ing with Paul they were "sorrowing  
more that they should see his face no  
more;" if not literally, yet substantially,  
so far as the relation of pastor and  
people was concerned. Methodist  
congregations are used to parting with  
ministers, but this was specially grievous.  
What is it about Brooklyn air  
that is so productive of throat disorders?  
That it is so cannot be questioned, and  
Dr. Chapman is not singular in falling  
a victim to it. And it was this feature  
of the separation that added such poignancy  
to the grief, since it set to it the  
seal of finality.

We dislike the eulogizing of living  
men, but as Dr. Chapman, for the time  
being, at least, retires from the minis-  
try, we may at least inquire into the  
methods that have contributed so suc-  
cessfully to his success. For of that suc-  
cess there can be no question, and as our  
acquaintance extended to barely more  
than an ordinary grasp of the hand, we  
may speak of it without fear of being  
misled by personal friendship. The  
first impression is not favorable—we  
are talking of ourselves, mind. There  
is too much of the Yankee about him  
(don't scratch that out, it is a compli-  
ment), and we are ready for logic, and  
thorough, but dry, argumentation. He  
reads the hymn well, but coldly, and  
we get ready for icebergs. But his selection  
of Scripture is admirable, and his prayer is  
as warm as though freshly brought from a  
Western camp-ground. Before he has taken  
his text he has convinced us that he is a  
thorough Methodist preacher, with no half-  
heartedness about him. One charm we  
cannot but notice—he thoroughly respects  
his congregation, and the regard is as  
thoroughly reciprocated. Whatever  
else happens, we are not doomed to  
listen to a bald string of ideas, loosely  
strung together, and expressed in words  
that but half convey the little meaning  
they have. We dare say some of our  
readers could write this better than we,  
for he is no stranger to them. But the  
sermon is a marvel to us. The words  
fit exactly, and come so rapidly that we  
unconsciously breathe more quietly  
lest we miss a single syllable. His fig-  
ures are simple, yet bold, but never  
elaborated, and he actually gives his  
hearers the credit of knowing some-  
thing. He binds you with his argu-  
ment irresistibly, and sheds light upon  
places that had hitherto been shrouded  
in darkness. You lean forward in de-  
light, every intellectual faculty intent on  
getting its full share, when—you look  
at your neighbor, at your watch—  
twenty-five minutes! Can it be possi-  
ble?—he sits down preparatory to the  
closing exercises. You go home and  
the whole discourse stands out like a  
finely-cut gem. If your wife has been  
detained from the service, you sit down  
and tell it to her, point by point, if not  
word for word, so complete has been  
the workmanship. All the week it  
haunts you. Indeed, the chief difficulty  
is to forget it. And to our thinking  
this is the golden test of a sermon. For  
the rest, his singleness in the line of duty,  
his unaffected simplicity, his thorough-  
ness in what he undertook, and the ab-  
sence of those petty ambitions which  
often disfigure the brightest minds, will  
explain why he takes so deep a hold  
upon the affections of his people. He  
may not rival the sweetness of Darbin,  
the majesty of Simpson, or the warmth  
of Warren; but his completeness is a  
panoply that would be hard to pierce,  
and we would rather follow any minis-  
ter in a charge, whom we have ever  
sat under, than him.

But this was not the only grief that  
day. St. John's is proud of its Sunday-  
school—nay, better than proud, it is  
fond of it. And while the congregation  
was sad for the loss of their pastor, the  
children and youth were shrouded in  
gloom at the loss of their superintendent.  
For only a few blocks away the  
body of Mr. George Mahon lay calm  
and still in death. He had gone to  
Saratoga in the hope of recovering his  
health, but the "king of terrors" would  
allow no reprieve, and he went from  
there to his reward. How deeply he  
loved the school, and every scholar, no  
one may know. How closely he had  
entwined himself about every heart,  
those tearful faces only too plainly  
showed. It was a double shock to many

that day, for although Dr. Chapman's  
illness had prevented his preaching of  
late, the rumor had gone abroad that it  
was temporary. Of the illness of Mr.  
Mahon few realized how serious it was.  
Methodism never dies. Some have  
likened it to an army, whose organiza-  
tion remains undisturbed, save for im-  
provement; though generals and sol-  
diers are swept from the field of action,  
fresh recruits are constantly hurrying to  
take their place. To us it is more like  
that condition of monarchy that knows  
no death. We drop a tear over those  
who are forced to turn aside, or cease  
entirely from the work. But the cause  
never dies, and we are recalled to duty,  
as are those who, in the midst of the  
manifestations of public grief, hear the  
cry of the herald, "The king is dead!  
Long live the king!" CLARKE.

THE LAST TWELVE VERSES OF  
MARK'S GOSPEL.  
BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

These verses are regarded as spu-  
ritual in our discussion of the Greek  
texts in the "Milestone Papers." A  
better description of them is given by  
one of the committee for revising  
our English Bible, Theodore D. Wool-  
sey, ex-president of Yale College, in  
a card now before me: "The pas-  
sage in Mark is, probably, not gen-  
uine, but was in circulation before  
Irenaeus." The difference between  
"spurious" and "not genuine," though  
regarded as synonyms by Webster,  
is this, that, while they both deny that  
the words are Mark's, the former would  
seem to imply that they are base coun-  
terfeits and worthless; the latter word,  
in common parlance, among New Test-  
ament critics, has no such strong im-  
plication, but may consist with worth  
and a degree of authenticity as a very  
ancient and anonymous appendix. The  
"Milestone Papers" also say that  
"Tischendorf drops them entirely  
from his edition." Here is a slip of the  
pen; "critical text" should have been  
put for "edition." For when he has  
finished the eighth verse, he stops, and  
right in the body of the page of his  
edition, he gives four or five reasons  
for not editing the text any further.  
At the end of these reasons, covering  
two or three pages, he appends the  
critical text of Lachman.

My own reasons for questioning this  
section, in addition to the four clearly  
and candidly stated by Dr. Lindsay, in  
his presentation of both sides of this  
question, in the *HERALD* of Sept. 5, are  
the following: Tregelles thinks it  
canonical, but not written by Mark;  
Alford coincides with him, but goes a  
little further and encloses the passage  
in brackets. Says Hudson's Greek  
Concordance: "It is questioned of  
omitted, besides Griesbach and Tisch-  
endorf, by Rosenmüller, Bertholdt,  
Gutz, Schott (Isagoge), Schulz,  
Fritzsche, Credner, Wiesner, Neu-  
decker, Theile, Reuss, Meyer, Davidson,  
Green, Norton and others." Though  
an equal number of as great names  
might be quoted on the other side of  
the question, it is evident that the au-  
thority of this passage is so weakened  
that it should be put in brackets to in-  
dicate to the common reader that it  
cannot be quoted as solely decisive of  
any theological question.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT PREACH-  
ERS' MEETING.

This association met at the M. E. Church,  
Northampton, Oct. 15, 1878. About thirty  
of the ministers were present, and also a  
large number of the laity. The meeting was  
called to order by Dr. W. Rice, and Dr. E. A.  
highly-esteemed Presiding Elder, was chosen  
president. The president and Brother Gor-  
don led the devotional exercises, after  
which followed some miscellaneous busi-  
ness. Dr. Upham then gave an excellent  
essay on "The Relation of Methodism to Re-  
vivals." The Doctor, with a genuine, Meth-  
odist warmth of spirit, contended that the  
Methodist Church was born in revival, and  
is to-day, to all intents and purposes, a  
revival Church. Brothers Gordon and Gracey  
made good speeches on the same subject.

Brother Macy then read a well-digested  
essay on "Theories of Revivals, and what  
constitutes a genuine Revival." Very per-  
tinent and profitable remarks bearing upon  
the same theme were made by Brothers  
Fellows, Rice, Gracey, Johnson, Dorchester,  
Upham, and E. A.

After partaking of a sumptuous dinner in  
the vestry, provided by the ladies of the so-  
ciety, the meeting re-assembled. Dr. E. A.  
then read an essay on "Revivals and Divine  
Sovereignty." After defining terms, the  
Doctor raised the question, "Is the action of  
the divine Spirit uniform and constant?"  
The negative of this question was ably  
and eloquently sustained by the essayist. Several  
of the brethren also spoke on this theme.  
Brother Johnston then read an essay on  
"The Importance of Revivals." The ques-  
tion was then propounded: "Is it expedient  
to employ professional revivalists in Church  
work?" The affirmative of this question  
was presented by Brother W. H. Daniels, in  
an able and eloquent speech. Dr. Rice then  
took the floor, on the negative side. After  
some criticism on Brother Daniels' dropping  
the word "revivalists" in the question, and  
substituting the word "evangelists," the  
Doctor in an ingenious manner used Brother  
Daniels' speech as an argument in favor of  
the negative of the question. He closed with  
an eloquent appeal to the ministers to do  
their own work. Professor Lummis fol-

lowed in a very able speech on the affirma-  
tive side.

At 7:30 P. M., a large audience gathered in  
the audience-room of the church, and Broth-  
er Lummis preached from John xx. 31, and  
Acts i. 8. His theme was: "The Conditions  
of Spiritual Life and Power," and it was very  
ably presented.

On Wednesday











## PAGE

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1878.

Principle, like people, are known by the company they keep. They are not independent entities; each is a part of the great body of truth that constitutes the system of the universe, and by a sort of elective affinity attracts to itself whatever is akin. No bad principle more than a good one can abide alone, but like the unclean spirit in the Gospel, it gathers by accretion seven others worse than itself and they dwell together. A fundamental untruth is often most clearly seen in its associates. In the former the fallacy may be so closely coiled up as to escape our notice, while in the latter its true animus and tendency begin to unfold and display themselves to the view of the most careless observer. The genus of the plant is detected in its flowering and fruitage. Your doctrine is in like manner known in its outcome and associations. A true principle leads on to other truths, and draws about it people in sympathy with its aims, while a false one, by a subtle law of association, links itself with others more glaringly delusive. The doctrine that by necessary inference conduces you to good and unsafe grounds may be set down as false, and should be abandoned at once. The cloven foot appears as soon as a step is taken. The theology that obliges you to use statements in apparent opposition to the clear and literal language of the Bible, is not likely to be the truth; and the ministry, the Church, that gather about them the

## REVIVALS THE LIFE OF OUR CHURCH.

Some of our members are weak of faith, and, in establishing their residence in a vicinity where the Methodist chapel has a less inviting aspect under the towering sides of the super-eminent Orthodox structure, they easily yield to the readily-proffered invitation to find a religious home in the most frequented house of worship, among the chief families of the town. "Where is the Methodist Church?" inquired a young man in one of our New England cities, where the condition of things exists of which we are speaking. "It is a little chapel some distance along the street; but our

religious expression. We have been so providentially and graciously preserved that we have not lost the last vestiges out of the spiritual necessities of the times. We have neither theological nor philosophical chains upon our apprehension of God's love to man, Christ's present ability to save, or man's possibility of full redemption. We were born in a revival, and all our moral machinery was set to constant, aggressive spiritual work. In the unceasing necessity of nurturing spiritual children, our means of grace have been singularly adapted to such work of Christian culture, even amid the heat and struggle of a constant reformation. There is no Church, when its officers are all faithfully used, that nurtures stronger, holier, or more consecrated disciples, than ours, or fills its columns of Christian biography with more triumphant deeds. New England needs our Church to-day as

### THE CREDITOR CLASS.

The same man is all the time buying his daily supplies of food and clothing, and he has his house-rent to pay. The prices of goods in store may be marked up daily as the value of money goes down, and the rent may be raised monthly. He soon discovers that his wages, even his higher wages, if he gets them, do not go as far as formerly in supplying his wants. He has no redress. He must have shelter and food and raiment, but the men who

## Editorial Items.

was a man of fine taste and of a pleasant and beloved by those who knew him. He has been very successful in his present Church, having had, a short time since, an accession by conversion of over an hundred. He had a choice wife, a lady of fine attainments and high Christian character, and two beautiful daughters who were received into the Church at an early age. Our sincerest sympathies are with his bereaved family in this sudden and terrible stroke. Dr. Sreen's death was startling. He was in the cars and well and cheerful as usual, on his way to a district meeting, relating a pleasant incident to a friend by his side, when his utterance became suddenly indistinct, and before a physician, who was on board, could reach him, he was dead. "In the midst of life we are in death."

It is a very excellent plan to read up upon any topic that awakens public interest. The public discussions serve to impress the subject more powerfully and permanently upon the memory. It has become quite the habit of the hour for writers and publishers to seize such occasions for the issuing of fresh literature upon topics of general interest. Thus our magazines, as well as the newspaper press, have been quite full of late of Cyprus. And now the more elaborate volumes begin to appear. R. Worthington, New York, has issued a fine American edition of Cyprus: Historical and Descriptive, from the Earliest Times to the

Some of our exchanges have been discussing a very startling statement made in reference to the loose habits, questionable morals, and lack of all the outward marks of piety, in many of the theological students at Princeton and Union Theological Seminaries. Some correspondents have quite emphorically denied the sweeping statements, while several others have confirmed them from personal observation. It was urged that the professors took no interest in the

religious life and daily deportment of these young men outside of their lecture-room. If we are happy and we are happy to believe, have not the shadow of truth in reference to our theological schools in this vicinity. The discussion, however, will lead to good results. It will awaken thought and anxiety on the part of the faculties of these schools, and will lead to a more serious life. There is a tendency to a monotonous form of piety in these religious schools, and to a loss of interest in the social means of grace. In the Boston School these seminary religious services have been occasions of much interest, and have been sustained with little abatement. It is to be feared that in other schools here, also, the nearness of the regular churches, with their lively social meetings, affords very favorable opportunities to keep alive the spiritual fire in the hearts of these young ministers. If young men lose their religious habits, how could they and the Churches to which they may attempt to serve? The professors of these institutions have a very serious responsibility in this respect.

V ery much the same course seems now to be taken in South Carolina to exasperate every believer in equal civil rights that was taken before the late civil war. Ex-mem- bers of the high-handed wrongs to the liberties of the colored people and their white defenders, are now of constant occurrence. Official intelligence brings the full particulars of the plan now in successful prosecution to crush out Republicanism in the State at any cost. The present governor, a former president of a Republican meeting, he was elected upon a trumped-up charge of bribery, and when hailed by Rev. Dr. Webster, our well-known Presiding Elder of Charleston dis- trict, and ex-president of Clafin University, a reckless villain was found to swear that the governor was a thief and a liar, and the state treasurer. Upon this the Doctor him- self was also arrested for bribery and thrown into jail with Duncan. Such a condition of things is not peace. There can be no peace when human rights are not respected. If our government is so helpless that it cannot protect the rights of its citizens, it is unworthy of a place among the nations of the earth. What did the late war decide?

Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, has just received from Frederick A. Ober, the well-known naturalist who has been engaged the past two years under a commission from that Institution in exploring the natural history of the West India Islands, a numerous collection of birds, embracing many new species, some of them exceedingly rare and beautiful and heretofore unknown in the Smithsonian collection in this country. He has also secured a number of mammals, and has been remarkably successful in his explorations. He has also secured a number of plants and has attained a high reputation as a naturalist. His report on the fauna of those Islands, on his return the coming winter, will be looked for with much interest. Mr. Ober is a native of Beverly, and his numerous friends in this vicinity will be glad to

The late death of Dr. Nehemiah Adams awakens a fresh interest in his contributions to our religious literature. His books, with the exception of his memorable South Side View of Slavery, and his poetic description of his round-the-world-trip, are sermons or most delightful volumes in memory of the beautiful children he buried, and upon the culture of childhood. The Congregational Publishing House has issued a fine, uniform set of these books, in a box. There are seven of them; three are volumes of sermons, peculiarly tender, spiritual and comforting—Christ a Friend, Friends of Christ, and a vol-

Our pastors have a "realizing sense," as they say to any persons, of the stringency of the times; and so their preaching depresses and encourages, but more "take joyfully the spoiling of their goods;" and with indomitable courage and triumphant trust in God's providence, look into the future, fearing no evil. Here is one of them. His private letter was beguiled from the hand of the ministerial brother to whom he opened his heart with the utmost freedom. We quote a few sentences from it:—

"Yes, had I \$300; house rent out, \$50 horse bought, \$125; horse keeping, \$100; total, \$300. We thus have a balance of \$2 left over. I am rich—richer than ever before. I will give up my horse and keep five of us. Thus far—nearly six months—I have received about \$125. Thank God! I have been able to pay my taxes without trial of faith; not tried with God, but with men. The trial of our faith is precious—more than fire. I am rich—an heir of the Kingdom!"

L. Prang & Co., Boston, have issued Springer's Transfer Designs for November. These are ingeniously-prepared paper outlines, punctured so as to enable an ordinarily-skilful crayon-drawer to place readily upon a blackboard fine illustrations of the International Lessons for the month. A small chrome-lithograph of the illustrations accompanies the patterns, and a full letter-press exposition of the lesson is given. These designs, with a manual by Frank Beard, with crayons and all necessary appurtenances (32 designs and cards), cost \$7 00 a year; sent by mail post-paid.

Hon. Mark Dennett, of Kittery, now ninety-three years of age, is still in excellent health and retains his mental and physical powers to a remarkable degree. He frequently walks to the village church—a distance of more than a mile from his residence. Major Dennett represented Kittery in the Massachusetts Legislature from 1812 to 1817; was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Maine in 1820, and subsequently for several years represented his town and county in both branches of the Maine Legislature. He is said to be the oldest ex-member of the Massachusetts Legislature now living.

We trust our country readers (and we will not exclude those in the cities) will be sure to notice the publisher's advertisement in reference to ZION'S HERALD and the *American Agriculturist*. We need not say that the latter is the best horticultural and agricultural paper that is now published. Its immense circulation, and its deserved popularity for so many years, are the best evidences of this. Orange Juice has embodied both his physical and intellectual life in it, and called to his aid the best special writers in the country. We have made such arrangements that our subscribers can have it at a very low price.

The *Wide Awake* always brings an ample welcome with it upon its monthly advent. The November number is now in the hands of its young readers, and it is as fascinating as ever. Miss Farmer, the editor, has a nice story on "Betty's Tramp." What to do with Pokey, a mischievous cat, is a conundrum that Miss Harris attempts to solve. Laura Loring calls her story "Down a Water Spout"; Mabel S. Emery describes "Cat Wars"; Hazel E. Smith tells about Topsy's Thanksgiving. Several stories are continued. The pictures are admirable. Very attractive little poems have been provided by skillful pen. The whole is simply a delight for childhood. D. Lott & Co.

Boston University reports thirty new additions to the School of Theology. A new lecture-room has been added to the accommodations of the School of Law. *The Beacon*, hitherto published by all departments of the University in concurrence, is henceforth to be issued by students of the College of Liberal Arts. Over forty new students have entered the College of Liberal Arts. Professor Raymond has commenced his Shakespearean Readings, and will continue them every other Saturday. The School of Medicine opens its usual sessions with large attendance. President Warren read a paper before one of the college societies on Friday last. Mr. Charles C. Dodge, A. B., '78, and Mr. S. R. B. Pingree, A. B., '77, have sailed for Europe. They will study at Leipzig.

At the late session of the California Conference, the California Advocate says:—

"Bishop Andrews presided with marked ability, winning all hearts by his genial manners, brotherly kindness and devout spirituality. We never knew a bishop to give greater satisfaction to his people than he has done on this occasion. His address to candidates for admission into full membership in Conference was very able and singularly appropriate. His sermon on 'Singing and the Church' was a most stirring and heard with absorbing interest and attention. The members of the Conference cherish a hope that Bishop Andrews will be called to occupy the episcopal throne on this coast. If he should so decide, an episcopal residence will be provided, and all will be done that is needful to make himself and family comfortable and amiable. We need one of our chief superintendents on this side of the continent. We now have six. The Annual Conferences west of the Rocky Mountains, and coast of Montana, Idaho and the territories of New Mexico, Oregon,

The public prints announce the death of George N. Davis, esq., late a resident and extensive manufacturer in Rio Janeiro, Brazil. Mr. Davis married a daughter of Hon. Jacob Sleeper, who is at the present time visiting her father. An only son is in the senior class at Harvard College. Mrs. Davis, who has just been called to the loss of a mother, has this additional and particularly severe burden, in the unexpected death of her absent husband, to bear. This is our trust and divine compensation—"He doth all things well."

Miss K  
late Pro  
opens a  
Hawtho  
Friday,  
successiv  
clor auth  
the van  
genius.  
markable  
hearers  
have bee  
Such pe  
Patterson  
Anna Go  
others, b  
ability, g  
est and i  
course a  
o'clock.

On Monday, the Methodist Society for the Sea will be present at the competition of religious songs. W. Hamlin, of the material Tufts' been published. At Haven, D. Field. The was the Mitchell. she gave powerful be found ing enter to a choir service is joyment pleasant

Rev. C. now of B and very fore, r est es, but ha evangelic his servic come for is therefor provident labor with tion with excellent, the Master been grea England. hem.

Rev. and  
dence Pro  
his editor  
well, new  
better spi  
at first fr  
was one o  
preachers  
preaches,  
his old po  
repressibl  
title of hi  
significant  
for the I  
years to o

Last week  
ville, Mass.  
the late  
England  
plexus. M  
two of h  
ter in Ne  
breach in  
ly. Man  
father, in  
very fait  
pathy for  
Quite a n  
last Wed  
her husb

"The young lady M. E. calls back her letters and has found out how to pay her handsome bills. She also, her mother with her, that she has over this old pastor pathize with memory of his life in the Salem St. born.

The marriage of E. Huntly and his wife, last Sabbath at the residence of their son, Highland, was a very interesting affair. A large number of familiar faces were present. The ceremony was performed by our itinerant pastor from the attachment

Rev. C. appeal to believe the ing upon don, Mass casioned The Church and with the press the presserous aid

The directors of the Portland Alliance, **MERALD** publications, **Maine** is evidently in the hand. F

We have  
vice of p  
Tremont  
After pra  
by the p  
songs in  
large con  
Joshua  
Congrega  
who has  
hard wor  
joined in  
of the







## The Family.

### THE SONG GIFT.

BY E. L. C.

O music, precious gift of God to man!  
I, silent, feel thy notes within my heart,  
And have not power to cast them forth in song.  
O lips of mine, that never sing, grieve on  
For this great gift denied. Sing, morning  
bird,  
Blessed more than I that lie here grieving  
now.  
When others sing their songs, or chant their  
hymns,  
Songs in my heart grope blindly out to find  
Expression. O Thou God of melody,  
Musical chief and first, hast Thou made  
soul  
With drawings heavenward and placed thy  
songs  
Therein, and bound them there with lips  
held mute?

"Sorrowing child, why grievest thou?" I  
looked,  
And lo! there stood an angel at my side.  
"Alas!" I said, "I cannot sing. I hear  
The harmony of song, and quick my soul  
Harmonious beats response. But I am  
dumb."  
O fearful dumbness, binding all my life!  
Canst give relief, O angel of my Lord?

"What thinkest thou that I could give to  
thee  
What God in wisdom hath not given?"

"Not that,  
Good angel. In thee, there, no other way  
That thou canst show, to break these iron  
chains  
That bind God's music in my soul?" I cried.  
"What wouldst thou? Wouldst thou write  
thy soul in verse—  
That higher music, singing deep and still?"  
"Too poor and weak am I to great a boon  
To ask. Give what thou wouldst, I am  
content."

I singing said.  
"Dost think that thou couldst live  
The poet's life?"

"Oh, if God blessed me so,  
I fear my heart would break, so great my  
joy."

"My poor, dear child, the angel pitying  
said,  
"Thou knowest not how hard a life it is.  
Canst live in such intensity of thought,  
In joy and grief, in love and sympathy?  
Canst suffer with the suffering, and wait  
While those that wait, and mourn with those  
that mourn?  
Can thy heart's pulse beat with the pulse of  
men—  
In their sorrows and ecstasies?  
Canst bear to always reach out after God  
And never grasp the thought of Him, the  
great I Am?"

"Thus would I live, good angel mine."  
"But pain for others is not all, my child;  
Thyself must suffer much, ere thou art met  
For such high using. Weary days of pain,  
And nights that know no sleeping; restless  
nights,  
With mind and nerve a-throb in suffering.  
The fire of soul that burns the body out  
Must blaze on poem stars. Life must be  
Long-drawn-out pain. Canst bear all this,  
my child?"

"I'd pour my soul out on God's altar thus,  
If so He'd send His fire from heaven down  
To burn the offering. Then as the smoke  
From sacrifice, so would my songs arise  
To heaven." With beating heart I answered  
thus.  
And then the angel said, "But praise of  
men  
May never greet thy singing soul—what  
then?"

"All singers are not public ones; so I  
Would write my songs for music in the  
home,  
With now and then a friend or two, the  
such  
As dwell so near my heart its song can  
know."

"Then child of mine, sing on! Sing out thy  
soul  
In numbers! Fire of God, come down!"  
he said.  
And straightway he departed.

Suddenly, light  
Filled all the room, as in the time of old  
When glory filled the house, and tongues of  
fire  
Did rest on each of them.

My window high  
Uplifted, let the rising sun shine full  
Around me.  
It was morning in my soul!

## NOTES ALONG THE HUDSON.

BY MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

F. W. H. PAPER.

October sunshine! October crimson!  
October gold! Does any climate upon  
earth offer a parallel to our "first  
Indian summer," with its ripened foliage,  
its suggestions of coming winter, and  
its temperature of June? So we say  
inwardly as we step from the last "day  
boat" of the season upon the wharf at  
Rhinecliff, and climb the steep bank to  
where, embowered in solemn pines and  
golden maples, stands the little Epis-  
copal church, built by Mrs. Miller,  
where our friend, Dr. Savage, officiates.

So we say again as we stand on the  
plaza of the hospitable parsonage,  
and, looking northwest, take in the  
grand panoramic view which has the  
picturesque Catskill range for its back-  
ground, cutting the hazy sky with its  
many-curved outlines, and the broad,  
blue Hudson in front, shimmering and  
shimmering in this noontide sunshine.

Between the islands, shores and many-  
tinted hills, with the large and rapidly-  
growing city of Kingston at the mouth  
of Rondout creek—the depot of trade  
for the Delaware and Lackawanna canal,  
and terminus of the Hudson and Dela-  
ware, and Walkill Valley Railroads—the  
village of Glasco, with its brick-  
yards and ice-houses, and the town of  
Saugerties, whose church spires pierce  
the mist twelve miles off, remind  
us that one universal bond of Christian  
brotherhood circles the earth, whose  
visible tokens always cause us to  
"thank God and take courage."

So we say, again, when two hours  
later our old friend accompanies us on  
a long walk to visit her older friend,  
the venerable Miss Garretson. Such a

road! smooth and hard as a park, bor-  
dered all along with park-like shade-  
trees—oaks, chestnuts, beeches, elms  
and maples—clothed to-day in every  
variety of autumnal tint, whose falling  
magnificence so carpets the foot-way  
that we can hardly resist the impulse  
to load ourselves with arms full of  
leafy scarlet and gold. Occasional  
glimpses of river-view are interspersed  
with forests, smoothly-shaven fields,  
ornate little cottages, and grand coun-  
try seats which have been long enough  
in the possession of the families now  
owning them to have acquired in this  
young world of ours "a venerable  
flavor of antiquity."

The chief of these is "Ellerslie," a  
domain with the number of whose  
acres no one round here is sufficiently  
acquainted to tell us. Mr. Kelly, its  
late proprietor, lavished a princely in-  
vestment in keeping it in a state of culture  
equaling, so far as variations of soil  
and climate will admit, the parks and  
baronial estates of old England. Its  
sweeping acres of green velvet turf, its  
stately parterres, its flower gardens  
hidden away in unexpected nooks, its  
artificial ponds and fountains, with  
gaily-painted pleasure-boats tempting  
visitors to dreamy idleness, its green-  
houses, forcing-houses and conserva-  
tories, its wealth of summer, autumn  
and hot-house fruits, its acres of vege-  
tables and cereals, all exhibiting the  
latest applications of science to success-  
ful horticulture, have for nearly half a  
century rendered Ellerslie the chief  
show-place of the river. Since Mr.  
Kelly's death the place is not kept in  
such absolute perfection; nevertheless  
the old gentleman's dearest purpose is  
still faithfully carried out—that of  
sharing the blessings God has bestowed  
upon him with his less-favored fellow-  
creatures. The gates stand open day  
and night, and all are welcome at any  
time, and for as long as they please,  
to wander about and spend the long sum-  
mer days in these shaded recesses.

A large piece of woodland has been es-  
pecially consecrated to picnics, and  
here any Sunday-school or other reli-  
gious organization is at liberty, at any  
time, by giving notice the day before,  
to land and spend the whole day, visit-  
ing at stated hours the green-houses  
and all other attractions of the place.  
Mr. Kelly was an earnest Baptist, but  
his heart, home and purse were open  
alike to all workers in the common  
cause of Christ.

But must not linger too long at  
Ellerslie, or the October afternoon,  
summer-like as it looks, will close in  
all too quickly for our visit to Miss  
Garretson and Wilderling, the shrine  
of our pilgrimage. Near her gate we  
pass the house of a former servant of  
hers, a Canadian Romanist, who through  
the influences brought to bear upon  
her in such a service, found a purer  
faith, and was married in the  
parlor of her mistress, by our Epis-  
copal minister friend, and stooped her  
tall head to receive her first bridal kiss  
from her true though short friend.  
Mrs. S. tells us the story as we pass.

We enter the "Pilgrim's Rest"—so  
it is called here, tired and broken-down  
ministers and other Christian workers  
will know why—by the back gate,  
and so lose the effect of the grand av-  
enue of trees which we see at a dis-  
tance to the south. Perhaps we are a  
little disappointed not to see more of  
the high culture through which we  
have just passed at Ellerslie. But as  
we reach the house, the beautifully-  
shaven lawn is pleasant to the eye, the  
old-fashioned garden stocked with bril-  
liant autumn flowers is very attractive,  
and one can imagine how many weary  
pilgrim saints have rested in that rustic  
summer-house and drawn in refresh-  
ment and inspiration from the glorious  
river-views it affords. "Remember,"  
says our guide, as we step upon the  
plaza, "our venerable friend has bet-  
ter uses for money than merely beauti-  
fying a home."

Now we are ushered into the large,  
sociable, old-fashioned parlor, whose  
open fire looks cheerful in spite of the  
warm sunshine outside. Flowers are  
on the tables, books on the piano, and  
something which says "welcome"  
floats all about the room. Then the  
dear old lady herself enters, so small,  
and yet the author of so much happi-  
ness, the instrument of so much good.  
It is not lawful to canonize living  
saints; besides, one "whose praise is  
in all the Churches," does not need the  
eulogy of weak pen like ours. But as  
we think of the beautiful stone church  
down at the landing built by her, its  
minister regularly living in her house,  
the practical and moral support given  
by her purse and presence to lectures,  
libraries, meetings and every good  
work, the way in which her home and  
life have been dedicated to the Lord's  
service, a feeling of littleness comes  
over us which it is difficult to describe.  
Attempting to express this thought, she  
stops us.

"No, child, you have done more  
good already than I have. Go on, and  
God bless you!" to which benediction,  
from such lips, we devoutly say amen.

Then the old lady talks—talks flu-  
ently and in the most wide-awake man-  
ner—about the temperance cause as  
it first arose in her father's days; of the  
gradual steps by which total abstinence,  
as a principle, was reached; of the  
great victory recently secured in Rhine-  
beck, so that no license have been  
granted in the place this year. Then  
she tells us of meetings which Dr. and  
Mrs. Palmer are now holding in the  
village, and regrets that a slight, re-  
cent indisposition has thus far pre-  
vented her attending them. Prison  
visitation is the next topic, and she  
gives us a detailed account of some  
one who commenced the work at New-  
gate, and so represented his life to  
Mrs. Fry as to launch her upon her

mission. She gives his name, but our  
memory, though so much younger than  
hers, is more treacherous, and we can-  
not write it down.

"I am so glad to have seen you,"  
she says at last, "we have so many  
mutual friends. Not that I have seen  
you. My eyes do not serve me well  
now. More than twenty years ago,  
my physician assured me I had a cata-  
ract, but the Lord lent me my sight.  
He is taking back the loan now, and I  
can't read, but it is all right."

And so, refusing the invitation to  
stay to tea, we turn to our sunset walk  
back, feeling that though we may be  
"in the sere and yellow leaf," or, more  
accurately, the scarlet and gold, we  
have just seen one in whom winter's  
snow has produced no chill, its white-  
ness telling of garnered harvests and  
pointing to the resurrection of an eter-  
nal spring.

## BEGINNINGS AND ENDS.

BY MISS C. B. LEWIS.

"If I had only known the end!"  
The man who uttered the exclamation  
lay writing upon a hospitable  
bed, dreading the death which seemed  
close at hand. Two young men, sent  
by the Christian Association, tried to  
comfort him, but at every attempt he  
only resumed the hopeless cry, "If I  
had known the end!"

Handsome, educated, genial, with a  
large law practice and fine social posi-  
tion, he lived, as he expressed it, "to  
get as much out of life as possible."  
He set about it in his own way, which  
he followed to the unexpected end, by  
means of the theatre, wine, supper,  
card parties and fast horses. These  
meant, of course, late hours, unnatural  
excitement, depraved company, and  
waste of money. No man can gather  
grapes from thorns or figs from thistles.  
He was not an exception to the  
great law. At the end of a few years  
he was suddenly stricken down, and  
compelled to stop and find how much  
he had got out of life, and what it was  
worth. Ruined business, blighted rep-  
utation, poverty, and loss of health—  
these made up the sum, and furnished  
the only subject for his thoughts as he  
lay useless, helpless and hopeless on a  
free bed in a great hospital. Proud of  
his generosity and independence, he  
had poured out money like water, and  
now was indebted to a public charity  
for the supplying of his simplest wants.

"My life was so easy and pleasant in  
the beginning, but oh, if I had known  
the end—the end! I every young man  
who thinks only of the beginning,  
that this is the end, and the only one—  
the end that is coming to me."

"Oh, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business ere it come,  
But that suffices that will end,  
And then the end is known!"  
So says Cassius in farewell to his friend  
Brutus, before their last battle. But  
of that day, fatal to them both, they  
knew only the beginning. Beginnings  
are such little things that we under-  
value their importance. A snow-storm  
which paralyzes a locomotive begins  
in a feathery flake which could be  
crushed in a baby's hand. The fire  
which destroys millions of property  
comes from the spark of a single match.  
The career which brings ruin and de-  
spair begins in the formation of habits  
so subtle and so pleasant that their  
tendency is unsuspected till their evil  
work is done.

"Tell every young man who thinks  
only of the beginning, to remember,  
also, the end!"

## MY ONLY LITTLE LAMB.

Only one little lamb  
Upon the lawn before the cottage played.  
It cropped the tender grass  
Or with the wandering brooklet gladly  
strayed.  
From tender hands its dainty morsels-culled,  
They nigh it led it to the sheltered fold,  
And kindly tempered to its helplessness  
The fervid sunshine and the cold—  
Only one little lamb.

A thousand verdant hills  
Were white with flocks beyond the valley's  
rim.  
The Shepherd knew them all.  
They by still waters wandered off with  
him.  
On green pastures rested peacefully  
When the loquacious summer day was  
done.  
He in His bosom carried the young lambs,  
And had a loving name for every one—  
A thousand happy flocks.

The Shepherd passed my way,  
My solitary lamb His eye espied.  
In matchless tones of love  
He wooed my little treasure to His side.  
He wooed my little treasure to His side.  
I dared not murmur at the wise decree,  
Which to the shelter of the heavenly fold  
Called, safe from harm forevermore to be,  
My only little lamb.

Now in the darkness here  
I sit alone, and look through falling tears,  
To where above the clouds  
The golden summit of the Hill appears.  
The Hill Delectable, where stray the flocks  
Which the good Shepherd leads by pleasant  
ways.  
I cheer my heart with precious memories  
Of my lost lamb, and count the passing days  
Of my returning here—  
—Cambridge Tribune.

## MECHANICS' FAIR NOTES.

BY M. K. ALL.

We go ostensibly to see the braders,  
cutters and winders, potters, printers  
and binders, but our gaze is forever  
wandering from the inventions to the  
inventors—from the products to the  
people. Humanity as everywhere what  
is a fascinating study. What motion  
yet discovered is comparable  
with the ease and grace of walking?  
From the volute of the upright to the  
sweet thunder of the grand square,  
what music of equal magnetism with  
the voice? No pictures so eloquent, ani-  
mated and speaking, as the unerring  
portrayal, through the features, of the  
habits, passions, prejudices, of the  
tendencies, of the men and women  
around us. Look at that tall farmer

with the great brown fists, clinching  
them instinctively in sympathy, as over  
a door in the Art gallery he sees the old  
man rescuing his bleeding sheep from  
the cowed dog he has driven off. Here  
a girl calls to her mother to witness the  
elder-mill in operation. "Don't it look  
just like ours at home?" And there are  
the very children! Then how they  
stop, with bright, pleased faces, before  
"Gen. Gage" and those insulted "Bo-  
town Boys," and the comical street bat-  
talion on "Dress Parade."

What a large class of *soi-disant* crit-  
ics there are in the world, to be sure!  
Ignorantly assumptive and amusing is  
their discourse. The most popular man  
in England says they are those who  
have failed in science or art. Here is  
one discussing with a friend a painting  
which attracts much and deserved at-  
tention. He speaks so loud that his re-  
marks are evidently intended for the  
public good:—

"Doesn't it strike you the action of  
that water is unnatural? You don't see  
it flying over rocks like that; when it  
rushes into the crevices and fissures, the  
resisting force it meets impels it upward  
with an entirely different movement.  
Then the color of the rocks under the  
half hidden sun is bad, very bad. The  
cumuli of the clouds is not well  
handled—not massed enough; the sun  
should have been brought out more,"  
etc.

"Who is it by?"  
"Oh, I forget. One of those young  
artists who paint too much to paint well.  
That was got up in a studio, from imagi-  
nation, or a lack of it—or else a poor  
model; and he laughs at his weak  
will."

There saunters by a gentleman whom  
the friend recognizes as an authority  
on valuable paintings. He begs for  
his opinion. "It is a study," he says,  
"and a careful one, from a certain lo-  
cality on our coast where the peculiar  
union of cloud, rock and water produce  
the beautiful effects you notice, and  
which have often been observed by those  
who have frequented the place."

The friend looks at the critic, who,  
calmly wise as a cod-fish, seems wholly  
unconscious of this summary snuffing  
out of the wick of his self-conceit.

Whether the disease known as kera-  
nomania will be benefited or aggravated  
by the brilliant display of decorated  
tiles, earthenware and pottery, all gray  
as a flower garden in July, remains to  
be seen.

Many ladies very justly think if the  
same care, time and expense were em-  
ployed in the production of natural-  
blooming plants, that there are expend-  
ed in the making of wax flowers, the  
result would be far more satisfactory.  
If the latter occupation is trying to the  
eyes, nerves and general health in the  
demands, the former, in the changing pos-  
tures required of the body, the healthful  
handling of soils, the knowledge ex-  
perience is constantly bringing, has  
more to recommend it. Wax flowers  
always lack the uneven, varying grace  
with which nature, in the shape, tint  
and poise of her petals, leaves, calyxes  
and corollas, is ever surprising us.  
There are no two alike, and the won-  
derful interfusing of her hues is at once  
the constant incentive and despair of  
her unwearied student. Here in a case  
we see exceptions to the general rule of  
these ambulatory flowers. They really  
reproduce the vanishing and dainty  
beauty of the blossoms they so success-  
fully seek to imitate. Indeed, it is a  
positive delight to see the ingenious  
moulding into this exquisite semblance  
of apple-blossoms and arbutus with  
their delicate, cool, pale bloom. Maple  
leaves and Virginia creeper, too, are  
here, with their worn-out, eaten imper-  
fections very faithfully copied, which made  
the perfection of this art.

We heard complaints from people who  
lingered by the high glass cases con-  
taining specimens of native and foreign  
birds with their iridescent plumage,  
that there were no catalogues number-  
ing and naming them.

Ere a crowd oscillate between the  
weaving and the knitting. The ma-  
chine performing this last has been  
greatly improved, by which it now does  
nearly all the work, heeling and nar-  
rowing off, reversing the motion, going  
fast or slow without any apparent help  
or headwork. No wonder a lady—no  
longer young—in comparing the pro-  
cesses of spinning, weaving and knit-  
ting as she saw them here with those of  
her youthful days, said that now it was  
like building up a fire and sitting down  
to see it burn out. She stopped by the  
exhibit of the Papyrograph Company.  
They gave her the picture of the man  
with very wide-open eyes, straggling  
hair, and shocking hat. The impres-  
sion was just made; the ink was fresh;  
she had seen it taken with her own eyes.  
She looked at it and remarked reflect-  
ively, "We shall all be taking our own  
likenesses next. Well, the Lord created  
man upright, howbeit he has sought  
out many inventions; but I never in all  
my life have seen so many as I have to-  
day."

## THE ROW OF PROMISE IN THE CLOUDY AND DARK DAY.

Wearied and heart-sick, Mary Duncan  
sat in her lonely room, with her head  
buried in her hands, and bitter, de-  
spending thoughts in her heart. It  
suddenly seemed as if in the words of the  
sweet singer of Israel: "All His  
waves and His billows had gone over  
her."  
Sorrow, bereavement and disappoint-  
ment had been her portion, but through  
it all she had been upheld and strength-  
ened by Him "who is a very present  
help in trouble." Nevertheless, even  
to the strongest faith there come mo-  
ments in life, when for the time being  
no ray of hope pierces the thick dark-

ness, and we are wrapped in a vivid  
consciousness of utter loneliness.

Such was Mary Duncan's experience  
at the moment of Ruth Vinton's en-  
trance into the room. Here was one  
of those natures so strong, and hopeful  
that in any trouble you felt instinctively  
that if any one could bring relief,  
it was Ruth Vinton. The sweetness  
and serenity of her faith and hope had  
lifted her into a region of peace, not  
easily disturbed by the things of earth.

To Mary Duncan it seemed as if she  
were the only person she could have  
borne to see at that time, and only to her  
would she have given utterance to the  
bitter cry of her heart: "Oh! Ruth,  
how can I live on and bear it all?"  
And the gentle voice came answer,  
"As one whom his mother comforteth,  
so will I comfort you, said the Lord,  
even He who comforteth us in all our  
tribulation." Dear one, He is able to  
make you to say even now in this dark-  
est time, "Yea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me;  
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort  
me."

"But nothing can fill the blank,  
nothing can make up for what I have  
lost," was the agonized cry of a new-  
born sorrow.  
"My mother, the Father's love filleth  
not. The fullness of Him who filleth  
all in all; reacheth out unto every tried  
and weary one. There can be no want.  
He cannot meet, no blank He cannot  
fill, for hath He not promised, 'I will  
turn their mourning into joy and will  
comfort them and make them rejoice  
from their sorrow, and My people shall  
be satisfied with My goodness?'"

"O Ruth, if only it were possible!  
It sounds so rich; so full a blessing,  
that it seems as if it surely must fill  
my empty cup; and yet the longing is so  
intense at times, that my heart aches  
with very home-sickness for what has  
been."

"And your Father knoweth it, dear  
Mary, and will not leave you to bear it  
alone, for He has said, 'His presence  
shall go with you, and He will give you  
rest.' Fear not, for I am with thee. I  
the Lord thy God will hold thee right  
hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, for I  
will help thee. Think of the comfort  
waiting for us, if we only conscientiously  
realize this close companionship, this  
near presence of our Father, and look  
closer than a brother."

Mary Duncan drew a long breath, as  
if even the thought of such an abiding  
friend was very sweet to her contrasted  
loneliness, yet the natural longing for  
the "touch of a vanished hand" could  
not be repressed, as she said in an in-  
dignant of passionate yearning: "But  
to live on day after day and not see  
again the face that I love."

"You shall, dear one. On the other  
shore at last you shall find each other  
again, with nothing to mar the com-  
panionship of your happiness, and look-  
ing forward to that meeting, dear,  
grow great, grow strong while wait-  
ing for it."

"But think of the long, weary years  
of waiting, Ruth."  
In a voice deep and full with fervor  
of joyful anticipation, Miss Vinton an-  
swered: "In the light of that eternity  
of joy, it is but a little while and He  
will come." In your patience possess  
your souls, until the day dawn and the  
shadows flee away, for our high af-  
fection is so full of love for a moment,  
worketh for us a far more exceeding  
and eternal weight of glory, for the  
things which are seen are temporal, but  
the things which are not seen are eternal.  
Our Father's reward will more than  
compensate for the darkest present.

"My friend, your words sound sweet  
and strong, and yet it seems as if, to use  
the words of one of old: 'I shall go  
murmuring all my days.'"  
"Not so, dear heart. God's years  
shall bring you good, for all things  
work together for good to them  
who love God." He does not take away  
except in blessing. Rest assured He  
has some better thing in store for you,  
for though He cause grief, yet will He  
have compassion according to the multi-  
tude of His mercies." "O Ruth, your  
words are so strong and sure they  
take the bitterness out of the sorrow,  
and seem to make the future brighter."

"Not my words, dear Mary, but the  
Father's promises shining through them.  
Like a ray of light, they shine the bright-  
est in the darkest night of sorrow, guid-  
ing the storm-tossed and heavy-laden  
unto a haven of peace and rest, even  
unto Him who is the sure and only refuge  
from the storm, and shadow from  
the heat."

And so with words sure and steadfast,  
Ruth brought back the sunlight of faith  
and hope into the heart of her sorrow-  
ing friend, yet once again proving the  
truth of the old-time promise, "My  
word shall not return unto Me void, but  
shall accomplish that whereunto I sent  
it."—Interior.

## FUN AND FACT.

Every honeymoon has a man in it.  
The letter "Q" is called the most  
charitable of all the alphabet, because it  
is found oftenest in the word "quitting."

"What's the matter with your eye,  
Tommy?" "Oh, it's only been going through  
an operation at the hands of a knucklist,  
that's all."

Daily are two angels writing  
What we do for good or ill:  
One with smiles the good inditing,  
One the evil, sad and ill.  
When repentance comes, how lowly  
Long they wait at close of day,  
Blotting out the deed unlovely  
Ere they bear the book away.

"Madam," said a certain one to Mrs.  
Deane, the other day, "you are talking sim-  
ply rubbish." "Yes, sir," replied the ever-  
crushing lady, "because I wish you to com-  
prehend me."

Which are the lightest men, Irish-  
men, Scotchmen, or Englishmen? In Ireland  
there are men of Cork, in Scotland there are  
men of Ayr (air), but on the Thames are  
lightermen.

A ship on the broad, boisterous and  
open ocean need not be afraid. But it dare  
not venture alone on the placid bosom of a  
little river, lest it be wrecked by some hid-  
den rock. Thus it is with life. The more  
open, exposed deeds, that we need the  
still voice of the silent monitor, but in the  
small, secret, everyday acts of life, that con-  
science warns us to be aware of the hidden  
dangers of what we deem too common to be  
dangerous.

A letter recently produced in a break-  
down suit, as evidence, contained the follow-  
ing sentence: "Dearest love—I  
swallowed the postage stamp on your letter,  
because I knew your love had touched it."  
Backed develops itself in indiffer-  
ence to prayer and self-examination; trifling  
or unprofitable conversation, neglect of pub-  
lic ordinances; shunning the people of God;  
associating with the world; thinking lightly  
of sin; neglecting the Bible; ending, in re-  
pentance and forswearing, in a rapid run  
to perdition.—Buck.

"In my daily days," remarked the old  
man as he shuffled into the school-

house bin, "they didn't use coal to keep us  
school youngsters warm, I kin tell you."  
"What did they use?" asked a boy near by.  
A sad, far-away look seemed to pass over the  
old man's face as he quietly responded,  
"Birch—my boy—birch."

AUTUMN.  
Crowned with the sickle and the wheaten  
sheaf,  
While autumn, nodding o'er the yellow  
plains,  
Cones level on, the Doric read once more,  
Well-pleased, I tune. What'er the wintry  
frost  
Nitrous prepared, the various-blossomed  
springs  
Put in white promise forth; and summer  
suns,  
Connosed strong, rush boundless now to  
view.  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious  
theme.

Thomson.  
... When a man and his wife are out  
walking, and see a "love of a bonnet" in a  
show window, they are both of one mind.  
She wants to buy it, and he wants to go by  
it, too.

... Proud Mother (to the new governess):  
"And here is a pencil, Miss Green, and a  
note-book in which I wish you to write down  
all the clever or remarkable things the dear  
children may say during your walk."

... At the restaurant: "Hi, waiter! I  
say, this turbot isn't fresh. Why can't you  
get me some like that I had the day before  
yesterday?" "That's where you fool your-  
self, it's off the same fish. Got you there?"

... The Whitehall Review is reminded of  
a story of Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, who  
was traveling in his diocese, when a breeze  
sprang up, then a squall, and at last matters  
got so bad that the skipper came below with  
a grave countenance. "My Lord," said he,  
"it is a very low mizzen, and it will be in  
heaven." "Dear, dear," ejaculated the  
bishop: "how very horrible."

... "When I was a little girl," said a lady,  
"my dear grandma asked me to bring her a  
glass of water. I was at play, and did not  
like to be disturbed, so I obeyed reluctantly."  
"Thank you, my dear child," said grandma;  
"but it would have given me more pleasure  
if you had brought it willingly." That was  
fifty years ago; but the lady says it is to-  
day a little sorry spot in her memory.

THE DEPARTED.  
All places where our friends have lived and  
died  
Are haunted; through the open doors  
The gentle spirits on their errands glide,  
With feet that make no sound upon the  
floor.  
We meet them at the doorway, on the stair;  
Along the passages they come and go.  
The stranger at my bedside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I  
hear.  
He but perceives what is, while unto me  
All that has been is visible and clear.  
The spirit world around this world of sense  
Pours like an atmosphere, and everywhere  
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors  
dust  
The vital breath of spirits ministering  
there.

Longfellow.  
... Learning things by rote.—"Now,  
John, tell me the names of all the  
countries in Europe." John told them.  
"Now, John," added one of the visiting  
committee (the funny member), "can you  
tell me whether they are animals or vegeta-  
bles?" "Animals," was the prompt and  
confident reply.

... An ignorant fellow, seeing several  
persons reading with spectacles, went to buy  
a pair to enable him to read. He did not  
succeed, and told the maker they would not  
serve. As he could not read with them, "Can  
you read at all?" asked the other. "No,"  
said he; "if I could, do you think I would  
be such a fool as to buy spectacles?"

FOR EARLY SECURITY.  
Hedge round thy life with prayer,  
Knowing this truth,  
That sin in youth  
Is seed which, sown in callow fields,<



## SOUTH AMERICAN WORK.

In the Valparaiso Record of September 7th, Rev. I. H. La Feta writes in a fresh and interesting manner of the educational and other work along the coast of South America. We reprint the following extracts:—

By the steamer which left New York July 1st, the first party of the Christian ministers and teachers to be sent out by Rev. William Taylor, for various fields along the coast, arrived at their several stations. There were nine in all—four ladies and five gentlemen. Towards the close of the year, Mr. Taylor himself expects to revisit the coast, and go to other parts and inland towns necessarily passed by in his late hasty visit. It is also his desire to continue his work to the southward and up the eastern coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson, arrived at Tacoma, July 24th. They are to open a school for children of English and American residents. Tacoma is a prosperous inland town, forty miles from Astoria, its seaport, with which it is connected by rail. It has a good number of English-speaking people who can support the school very easily. School desks, piano and school furniture were purchased in New York under Mr. Taylor's supervision and shipped on before. Miss Benson will have charge of the musical department, while Mr. and Mrs. Stowell will take the ordinary pupils. In advance already received from them they speak very highly of the reception they have met with from the people. The work is opening for them far beyond what they had anticipated.

Mr. J. W. Collier arrived at Iquique, July 25th, where it was intended for him to both teach and preach. His gospel work will be among the English people on land who are chiefly located about the station, and the seamen in the bay. The work is important in both its departments. There are two or three hundred people in the port, who may be reached, and there are from eight to a dozen vessels lying in the harbor all the time.

Rev. J. W. Higgins arrived at Coquimbo, July 29th. He was met on board by a committee from the port and cordially welcomed to his new field of labor. He is to devote himself entirely to the work as a minister. When Mr. Taylor was there he appointed a committee to make arrangements for a place of worship, by the time the minister should arrive. The committee went energetically to work, secured a dwelling-house as the most available building, and fitted it up for a chapel, at a cost of over \$600. It was just completed when Mr. Higgins arrived. On the opening Mr. Higgins writes: "The chapel is very pleasant and comfortable, and will accommodate about one hundred at present, but can be made to hold twenty-five or thirty more. It is a room 50 by 14 feet, papered and painted very neatly. We have an organ loaned for the present, but are arranging to purchase one."

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

At Valparaiso the welcome and encouragement I have received on every hand have been far more cordial than I had expected. The committee of the Seamen's Evangelical Society gave me a most kindly greeting as their chaplain. The inauguration and progress of the work in the bay have been encouraging, and give every hope of a permanent and useful work. Shipmasters and officers and men have all been most kind in the welcome they have given us on board their vessels, and in the trouble they have taken to afford us pleasant accommodations for our services. The work on land, also, at the English hospital and at the boarding-houses, gives promise of doing much good.

A vase or bouquet-holder filled with fragrant flowers is an ornamental addition to a dining table. At the same time there are disadvantages connected with it. It is more or less in the way; it is frequently moved and is easily upset. Let me suggest a much more convenient, as well as permanent bouquet-holder. Usually over every dining table a gas fixture is suspended. If you have a pretty marine shell (if not it will pay you to purchase one, as they are not very expensive; and, if "a drop of beauty is a joy forever," you will then certainly be in possession of that joy), take the shell to a jeweler's, and let him bore two small holes carefully in each end, and insert wire rings therein. Then with two cords hang it upon the gas fixture about two feet from the table, and every morning fill it with fresh flowers. Your flowers will then be out of your way, yet in a position that all around the table can see and enjoy them. It is equally as ornamental during the winter months, when flowers are not always to be obtained, by filling the shell with grasses, that they may need in that great circle of Christians above, that can never be broken by death!

By the steamer which left New York July 1st, the first party of the Christian ministers and teachers to be sent out by Rev. William Taylor, for various fields along the coast, arrived at their several stations. There were nine in all—four ladies and five gentlemen. Towards the close of the year, Mr. Taylor himself expects to revisit the coast, and go to other parts and inland towns necessarily passed by in his late hasty visit. It is also his desire to continue his work to the southward and up the eastern coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson, arrived at Tacoma, July 24th. They are to open a school for children of English and American residents. Tacoma is a prosperous inland town, forty miles from Astoria, its seaport, with which it is connected by rail. It has a good number of English-speaking people who can support the school very easily. School desks, piano and school furniture were purchased in New York under Mr. Taylor's supervision and shipped on before. Miss Benson will have charge of the musical department, while Mr. and Mrs. Stowell will take the ordinary pupils. In advance already received from them they speak very highly of the reception they have met with from the people. The work is opening for them far beyond what they had anticipated.

Mr. J. W. Collier arrived at Iquique, July 25th, where it was intended for him to both teach and preach. His gospel work will be among the English people on land who are chiefly located about the station, and the seamen in the bay. The work is important in both its departments. There are two or three hundred people in the port, who may be reached, and there are from eight to a dozen vessels lying in the harbor all the time.

Rev. J. W. Higgins arrived at Coquimbo, July 29th. He was met on board by a committee from the port and cordially welcomed to his new field of labor. He is to devote himself entirely to the work as a minister. When Mr. Taylor was there he appointed a committee to make arrangements for a place of worship, by the time the minister should arrive. The committee went energetically to work, secured a dwelling-house as the most available building, and fitted it up for a chapel, at a cost of over \$600. It was just completed when Mr. Higgins arrived. On the opening Mr. Higgins writes: "The chapel is very pleasant and comfortable, and will accommodate about one hundred at present, but can be made to hold twenty-five or thirty more. It is a room 50 by 14 feet, papered and painted very neatly. We have an organ loaned for the present, but are arranging to purchase one."

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

At Valparaiso the welcome and encouragement I have received on every hand have been far more cordial than I had expected. The committee of the Seamen's Evangelical Society gave me a most kindly greeting as their chaplain. The inauguration and progress of the work in the bay have been encouraging, and give every hope of a permanent and useful work. Shipmasters and officers and men have all been most kind in the welcome they have given us on board their vessels, and in the trouble they have taken to afford us pleasant accommodations for our services. The work on land, also, at the English hospital and at the boarding-houses, gives promise of doing much good.

A vase or bouquet-holder filled with fragrant flowers is an ornamental addition to a dining table. At the same time there are disadvantages connected with it. It is more or less in the way; it is frequently moved and is easily upset. Let me suggest a much more convenient, as well as permanent bouquet-holder. Usually over every dining table a gas fixture is suspended. If you have a pretty marine shell (if not it will pay you to purchase one, as they are not very expensive; and, if "a drop of beauty is a joy forever," you will then certainly be in possession of that joy), take the shell to a jeweler's, and let him bore two small holes carefully in each end, and insert wire rings therein. Then with two cords hang it upon the gas fixture about two feet from the table, and every morning fill it with fresh flowers. Your flowers will then be out of your way, yet in a position that all around the table can see and enjoy them. It is equally as ornamental during the winter months, when flowers are not always to be obtained, by filling the shell with grasses, that they may need in that great circle of Christians above, that can never be broken by death!

## Obituaries.

The following resolutions were passed by the classmates of SIXTON B. CONANT, a student of Boston University, who died recently:—

Whereas, it has pleased God, in the mystery of His mercy, suddenly to take from us by death our classmate and friend, SIXTON B. CONANT, therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That we deeply mourn our loss as a class in the removal of one who, throughout our college course, proved himself a most efficient member, and whom, in all our associations with him, we had learned so highly to esteem.

2. That to her who was so soon to have been his wife, our kindest regards be extended, and that her name be enrolled as an honorary member of our class.

3. That our heartfelt sympathy be proffered to his parents and immediate friends in their overwhelming grief, with the assurance that, as we cherish with affection the memory of our classmate, they, for his sake, will always hold a high place in our esteem.

4. That an autograph copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Conant's lady and parents, and that the resolutions be published in the *University Beacon*, *Zion's Herald*, and *Providence Journal*.

C. S. GOODELL, } Com.  
O. S. MARDEN, }  
O. S. EMERSON, }

Died, in Sandwich, Mass., Aug. 25, 1878, JANE H. BROWN, aged 39 years and 9 months.

Very sad the tidings passed around from one to another, on the quiet Sabbath morning. "Sister Brown is dead!" It was a trial to all—brothers, people, friends and neighbors—all were afflicted, almost overcome. Only Brother Brown, most afflicted of all, was calm, resigned, trustful, amid the weeping company which gathered to look upon the sleeping mother and babe—so beautiful even in death.

Sister Brown was converted in the autumn of 1857, under the labors of Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist. In the summer of 1858, she, with her husband, united with the M. E. Church of Birmingham, Conn. Having removed to Sandwich, Brother and Sister Brown united with the M. E. Church in the spring of 1872, and at once became deeply interested in its prosperity.

In the winter of 1876, under the labors of Brother Earle, an evangelist, Sister Brown entered into a new and deeper experience. Those who knew her best regard this as an era in her Christian life. Both privately and publicly she expressed a stronger faith in Christ, and manifested a deeper devotion to His cause. She was fervent and devoted; to her husband and children she was a devoted mother, and to her church and community a devoted member. Her life was a life of prayer, and her death a death of prayer. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing.

As a wife and mother, she was exemplary and devoted; to her husband and children she was a devoted mother, and to her church and community a devoted member. Her life was a life of prayer, and her death a death of prayer. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing.

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

At Valparaiso the welcome and encouragement I have received on every hand have been far more cordial than I had expected. The committee of the Seamen's Evangelical Society gave me a most kindly greeting as their chaplain. The inauguration and progress of the work in the bay have been encouraging, and give every hope of a permanent and useful work. Shipmasters and officers and men have all been most kind in the welcome they have given us on board their vessels, and in the trouble they have taken to afford us pleasant accommodations for our services. The work on land, also, at the English hospital and at the boarding-houses, gives promise of doing much good.

A vase or bouquet-holder filled with fragrant flowers is an ornamental addition to a dining table. At the same time there are disadvantages connected with it. It is more or less in the way; it is frequently moved and is easily upset. Let me suggest a much more convenient, as well as permanent bouquet-holder. Usually over every dining table a gas fixture is suspended. If you have a pretty marine shell (if not it will pay you to purchase one, as they are not very expensive; and, if "a drop of beauty is a joy forever," you will then certainly be in possession of that joy), take the shell to a jeweler's, and let him bore two small holes carefully in each end, and insert wire rings therein. Then with two cords hang it upon the gas fixture about two feet from the table, and every morning fill it with fresh flowers. Your flowers will then be out of your way, yet in a position that all around the table can see and enjoy them. It is equally as ornamental during the winter months, when flowers are not always to be obtained, by filling the shell with grasses, that they may need in that great circle of Christians above, that can never be broken by death!

By the steamer which left New York July 1st, the first party of the Christian ministers and teachers to be sent out by Rev. William Taylor, for various fields along the coast, arrived at their several stations. There were nine in all—four ladies and five gentlemen. Towards the close of the year, Mr. Taylor himself expects to revisit the coast, and go to other parts and inland towns necessarily passed by in his late hasty visit. It is also his desire to continue his work to the southward and up the eastern coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson, arrived at Tacoma, July 24th. They are to open a school for children of English and American residents. Tacoma is a prosperous inland town, forty miles from Astoria, its seaport, with which it is connected by rail. It has a good number of English-speaking people who can support the school very easily. School desks, piano and school furniture were purchased in New York under Mr. Taylor's supervision and shipped on before. Miss Benson will have charge of the musical department, while Mr. and Mrs. Stowell will take the ordinary pupils. In advance already received from them they speak very highly of the reception they have met with from the people. The work is opening for them far beyond what they had anticipated.

Mr. J. W. Collier arrived at Iquique, July 25th, where it was intended for him to both teach and preach. His gospel work will be among the English people on land who are chiefly located about the station, and the seamen in the bay. The work is important in both its departments. There are two or three hundred people in the port, who may be reached, and there are from eight to a dozen vessels lying in the harbor all the time.

Rev. J. W. Higgins arrived at Coquimbo, July 29th. He was met on board by a committee from the port and cordially welcomed to his new field of labor. He is to devote himself entirely to the work as a minister. When Mr. Taylor was there he appointed a committee to make arrangements for a place of worship, by the time the minister should arrive. The committee went energetically to work, secured a dwelling-house as the most available building, and fitted it up for a chapel, at a cost of over \$600. It was just completed when Mr. Higgins arrived. On the opening Mr. Higgins writes: "The chapel is very pleasant and comfortable, and will accommodate about one hundred at present, but can be made to hold twenty-five or thirty more. It is a room 50 by 14 feet, papered and painted very neatly. We have an organ loaned for the present, but are arranging to purchase one."

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

At Valparaiso the welcome and encouragement I have received on every hand have been far more cordial than I had expected. The committee of the Seamen's Evangelical Society gave me a most kindly greeting as their chaplain. The inauguration and progress of the work in the bay have been encouraging, and give every hope of a permanent and useful work. Shipmasters and officers and men have all been most kind in the welcome they have given us on board their vessels, and in the trouble they have taken to afford us pleasant accommodations for our services. The work on land, also, at the English hospital and at the boarding-houses, gives promise of doing much good.

## Zion's Herald, October 31, 1878.

The possessors of the terrible disease known as CATARRH (many affections of the head and throat are called by other names, but properly belong to the catarrhal class) have no doubt in their own minds that they are shunned by their friends because of their foul and ichthonic breath, but few, however, are aware of the danger they incur by allowing it to go on unchecked.

Thousands suffer without knowing the nature of this almost universal complaint. It is an ulceration of the head. In its incipient stages, it is a hacking cough and colds, frequent soreness of the throat, dryness and heat of the nose, matter running from the head down the throat, often ringing or deafness in the ears, loss of smell, memory impaired, dulness and dizziness of the head, often in the early stages, but more commonly in its advanced stages, attended with pains in chest, at left side, and under the shoulder blades. Indigestion usually attends Catarrh: a hacking cough and colds are very common; some have all these symptoms; others only a part. Very little pain attends Catarrh, until the liver and the lungs are attacked in consequence of the stream of pollution running from the head into the stomach.

All such persons catch cold easily, and have frequently a running at the nostrils; the breath sometimes reveals to all around the corruption within, while the patient has frequently lost all sense of smell. The disease advances cautiously, until pain in the chest, lungs or bowels, startles him; he hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia, liver complaint, and is urged by his doctor to take this or that; perhaps, even cod liver oil, or some other remedy. Perfectly ridiculous! The foul sinners in the head can not be reached by pouring such stuff into the poor, jaded stomach. The patient becomes nervous, the voice is harsh and unnatural, he feels disheartened, memory loses his power, judgment her zeal, gloomy forebodings hang overhead; hundreds, yes thousands in such circumstances think that to die would be a relief, and many even do cut the thread of life to end their sorrows.

1. That we deeply mourn our loss as a class in the removal of one who, throughout our college course, proved himself a most efficient member, and whom, in all our associations with him, we had learned so highly to esteem.

2. That to her who was so soon to have been his wife, our kindest regards be extended, and that her name be enrolled as an honorary member of our class.

3. That our heartfelt sympathy be proffered to his parents and immediate friends in their overwhelming grief, with the assurance that, as we cherish with affection the memory of our classmate, they, for his sake, will always hold a high place in our esteem.

4. That an autograph copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Conant's lady and parents, and that the resolutions be published in the *University Beacon*, *Zion's Herald*, and *Providence Journal*.

C. S. GOODELL, } Com.  
O. S. MARDEN, }  
O. S. EMERSON, }

Died, in Sandwich, Mass., Aug. 25, 1878, JANE H. BROWN, aged 39 years and 9 months.

Very sad the tidings passed around from one to another, on the quiet Sabbath morning. "Sister Brown is dead!" It was a trial to all—brothers, people, friends and neighbors—all were afflicted, almost overcome. Only Brother Brown, most afflicted of all, was calm, resigned, trustful, amid the weeping company which gathered to look upon the sleeping mother and babe—so beautiful even in death.

Sister Brown was converted in the autumn of 1857, under the labors of Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist. In the summer of 1858, she, with her husband, united with the M. E. Church of Birmingham, Conn. Having removed to Sandwich, Brother and Sister Brown united with the M. E. Church in the spring of 1872, and at once became deeply interested in its prosperity.

In the winter of 1876, under the labors of Brother Earle, an evangelist, Sister Brown entered into a new and deeper experience. Those who knew her best regard this as an era in her Christian life. Both privately and publicly she expressed a stronger faith in Christ, and manifested a deeper devotion to His cause. She was fervent and devoted; to her husband and children she was a devoted mother, and to her church and community a devoted member. Her life was a life of prayer, and her death a death of prayer. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing.

As a wife and mother, she was exemplary and devoted; to her husband and children she was a devoted mother, and to her church and community a devoted member. Her life was a life of prayer, and her death a death of prayer. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing.

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

At Valparaiso the welcome and encouragement I have received on every hand have been far more cordial than I had expected. The committee of the Seamen's Evangelical Society gave me a most kindly greeting as their chaplain. The inauguration and progress of the work in the bay have been encouraging, and give every hope of a permanent and useful work. Shipmasters and officers and men have all been most kind in the welcome they have given us on board their vessels, and in the trouble they have taken to afford us pleasant accommodations for our services. The work on land, also, at the English hospital and at the boarding-houses, gives promise of doing much good.

A vase or bouquet-holder filled with fragrant flowers is an ornamental addition to a dining table. At the same time there are disadvantages connected with it. It is more or less in the way; it is frequently moved and is easily upset. Let me suggest a much more convenient, as well as permanent bouquet-holder. Usually over every dining table a gas fixture is suspended. If you have a pretty marine shell (if not it will pay you to purchase one, as they are not very expensive; and, if "a drop of beauty is a joy forever," you will then certainly be in possession of that joy), take the shell to a jeweler's, and let him bore two small holes carefully in each end, and insert wire rings therein. Then with two cords hang it upon the gas fixture about two feet from the table, and every morning fill it with fresh flowers. Your flowers will then be out of your way, yet in a position that all around the table can see and enjoy them. It is equally as ornamental during the winter months, when flowers are not always to be obtained, by filling the shell with grasses, that they may need in that great circle of Christians above, that can never be broken by death!

By the steamer which left New York July 1st, the first party of the Christian ministers and teachers to be sent out by Rev. William Taylor, for various fields along the coast, arrived at their several stations. There were nine in all—four ladies and five gentlemen. Towards the close of the year, Mr. Taylor himself expects to revisit the coast, and go to other parts and inland towns necessarily passed by in his late hasty visit. It is also his desire to continue his work to the southward and up the eastern coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson, arrived at Tacoma, July 24th. They are to open a school for children of English and American residents. Tacoma is a prosperous inland town, forty miles from Astoria, its seaport, with which it is connected by rail. It has a good number of English-speaking people who can support the school very easily. School desks, piano and school furniture were purchased in New York under Mr. Taylor's supervision and shipped on before. Miss Benson will have charge of the musical department, while Mr. and Mrs. Stowell will take the ordinary pupils. In advance already received from them they speak very highly of the reception they have met with from the people. The work is opening for them far beyond what they had anticipated.

Mr. J. W. Collier arrived at Iquique, July 25th, where it was intended for him to both teach and preach. His gospel work will be among the English people on land who are chiefly located about the station, and the seamen in the bay. The work is important in both its departments. There are two or three hundred people in the port, who may be reached, and there are from eight to a dozen vessels lying in the harbor all the time.

Rev. J. W. Higgins arrived at Coquimbo, July 29th. He was met on board by a committee from the port and cordially welcomed to his new field of labor. He is to devote himself entirely to the work as a minister. When Mr. Taylor was there he appointed a committee to make arrangements for a place of worship, by the time the minister should arrive. The committee went energetically to work, secured a dwelling-house as the most available building, and fitted it up for a chapel, at a cost of over \$600. It was just completed when Mr. Higgins arrived. On the opening Mr. Higgins writes: "The chapel is very pleasant and comfortable, and will accommodate about one hundred at present, but can be made to hold twenty-five or thirty more. It is a room 50 by 14 feet, papered and painted very neatly. We have an organ loaned for the present, but are arranging to purchase one."

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

## Zion's Herald, October 31, 1878.

The possessors of the terrible disease known as CATARRH (many affections of the head and throat are called by other names, but properly belong to the catarrhal class) have no doubt in their own minds that they are shunned by their friends because of their foul and ichthonic breath, but few, however, are aware of the danger they incur by allowing it to go on unchecked.

Thousands suffer without knowing the nature of this almost universal complaint. It is an ulceration of the head. In its incipient stages, it is a hacking cough and colds, frequent soreness of the throat, dryness and heat of the nose, matter running from the head down the throat, often ringing or deafness in the ears, loss of smell, memory impaired, dulness and dizziness of the head, often in the early stages, but more commonly in its advanced stages, attended with pains in chest, at left side, and under the shoulder blades. Indigestion usually attends Catarrh: a hacking cough and colds are very common; some have all these symptoms; others only a part. Very little pain attends Catarrh, until the liver and the lungs are attacked in consequence of the stream of pollution running from the head into the stomach.

All such persons catch cold easily, and have frequently a running at the nostrils; the breath sometimes reveals to all around the corruption within, while the patient has frequently lost all sense of smell. The disease advances cautiously, until pain in the chest, lungs or bowels, startles him; he hacks and coughs, has dyspepsia, liver complaint, and is urged by his doctor to take this or that; perhaps, even cod liver oil, or some other remedy. Perfectly ridiculous! The foul sinners in the head can not be reached by pouring such stuff into the poor, jaded stomach. The patient becomes nervous, the voice is harsh and unnatural, he feels disheartened, memory loses his power, judgment her zeal, gloomy forebodings hang overhead; hundreds, yes thousands in such circumstances think that to die would be a relief, and many even do cut the thread of life to end their sorrows.

1. That we deeply mourn our loss as a class in the removal of one who, throughout our college course, proved himself a most efficient member, and whom, in all our associations with him, we had learned so highly to esteem.

2. That to her who was so soon to have been his wife, our kindest regards be extended, and that her name be enrolled as an honorary member of our class.

3. That our heartfelt sympathy be proffered to his parents and immediate friends in their overwhelming grief, with the assurance that, as we cherish with affection the memory of our classmate, they, for his sake, will always hold a high place in our esteem.

4. That an autograph copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Conant's lady and parents, and that the resolutions be published in the *University Beacon*, *Zion's Herald*, and *Providence Journal*.

C. S. GOODELL, } Com.  
O. S. MARDEN, }  
O. S. EMERSON, }

Died, in Sandwich, Mass., Aug. 25, 1878, JANE H. BROWN, aged 39 years and 9 months.

Very sad the tidings passed around from one to another, on the quiet Sabbath morning. "Sister Brown is dead!" It was a trial to all—brothers, people, friends and neighbors—all were afflicted, almost overcome. Only Brother Brown, most afflicted of all, was calm, resigned, trustful, amid the weeping company which gathered to look upon the sleeping mother and babe—so beautiful even in death.

Sister Brown was converted in the autumn of 1857, under the labors of Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist. In the summer of 1858, she, with her husband, united with the M. E. Church of Birmingham, Conn. Having removed to Sandwich, Brother and Sister Brown united with the M. E. Church in the spring of 1872, and at once became deeply interested in its prosperity.

In the winter of 1876, under the labors of Brother Earle, an evangelist, Sister Brown entered into a new and deeper experience. Those who knew her best regard this as an era in her Christian life. Both privately and publicly she expressed a stronger faith in Christ, and manifested a deeper devotion to His cause. She was fervent and devoted; to her husband and children she was a devoted mother, and to her church and community a devoted member. Her life was a life of prayer, and her death a death of prayer. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing.

As a wife and mother, she was exemplary and devoted; to her husband and children she was a devoted mother, and to her church and community a devoted member. Her life was a life of prayer, and her death a death of prayer. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing. She was a woman of deep, earnest piety. None ever grieved for her Christian character; none ever received from her the impression that religion is a gloomy thing.

Mr. W. A. Wright, Miss Sarah E. Longley and Miss Lella H. Waterhouse, arrived in Valparaiso, July 30th, and after remaining a week visiting the schools and places of interest in the city, they proceeded to Concepcion to open a school for the children of English-speaking residents. Some hundreds of dollars were subscribed by the people of the place towards fitting up a school building, and books, furniture, piano, etc., were purchased in New York and shipped by Panama steamer. Miss Waterhouse will have charge of the musical department. Mr. Wright says: "Thus far our school project has met with favor. However, one of the clerical papers has announced that 'two curates with their families have arrived ostensibly to start a school, but really to teach Protestantism,' and warns all Catholic parents to be on their guard and not send their children to the school, lest they be contaminated."

At Valparaiso the welcome and encouragement I have received on every hand have been far more cordial than I had expected. The committee of the Seamen's Evangelical Society gave me a most kindly greeting as their chaplain. The inauguration and progress of the work in the bay have been encouraging, and give every hope of a permanent and useful work. Shipmasters and officers and men have all been most kind in the welcome they have given us on board their vessels, and in the trouble they have taken to afford us pleasant accommodations for our services. The work on land, also, at the English hospital and at the boarding-houses, gives promise of doing much good.

A vase or bouquet-holder filled with fragrant flowers is an ornamental addition to a dining table. At the same time there are disadvantages connected with it. It is more or less in the way; it is frequently moved and is easily upset. Let me suggest a much more convenient, as well as permanent bouquet-holder. Usually over every dining table a gas fixture is suspended. If you have a pretty marine shell (if not it will pay you to purchase one, as they are not very expensive; and, if "a drop of beauty is a joy forever," you will then certainly be in possession of that joy), take the shell to a jeweler's, and let him bore two small holes carefully in each end, and insert wire rings therein. Then with two cords hang it upon the gas fixture about two feet from the table, and every morning fill it with fresh flowers. Your flowers will then be out of your way, yet in a position that all around the table can see and enjoy them. It is equally as ornamental during the winter months, when flowers are not always to be obtained, by filling the shell with grasses, that they may need in that great circle of Christians above, that can never be broken by death!

By the steamer which left New York July 1st, the first party of the Christian ministers and teachers to be sent out by Rev. William Taylor, for various fields along the coast, arrived at their several stations. There were nine in all—four ladies and five gentlemen. Towards the close of the year, Mr. Taylor himself expects to revisit the coast, and go to other parts and inland towns necessarily passed by in his late hasty visit. It is also his desire to continue his work to the southward and up the eastern coast.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Stowell, and Miss Cora B. Benson, arrived at Tacoma, July 24th. They are to open a school for children of English and American residents. Tacoma is a prosperous inland town, forty miles from Astoria, its seaport, with which it is connected by rail. It has a good number of English-speaking people who can support the school very easily. School desks, piano and school furniture were purchased in New York under Mr. Taylor's supervision and shipped on before. Miss Benson will have charge of the musical department, while Mr. and Mrs. Stowell will take the ordinary pupils. In advance already received from them they speak very highly of the reception they have met with from the people. The work is opening for them far beyond what they had anticipated.

Mr. J. W. Collier arrived at Iquique, July 25th, where it was intended for him to both teach and preach. His gospel work will be



